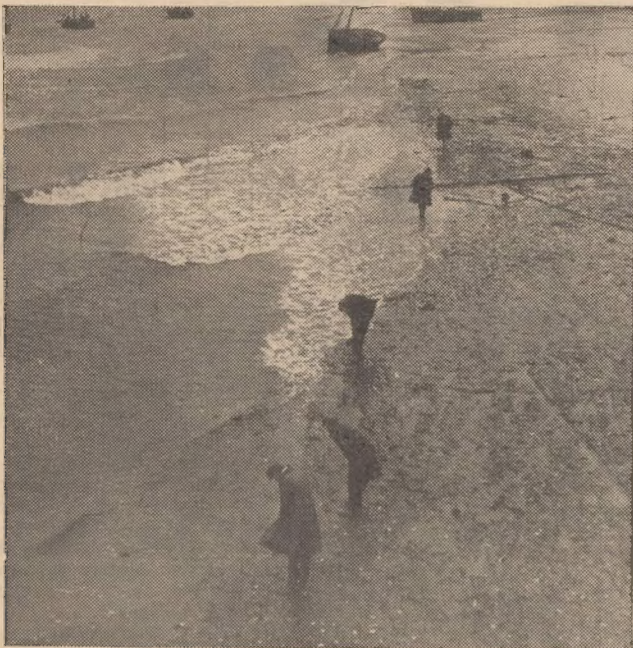


Good Morning 362

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



THERE'S A BOOM IN BEACH-COMBING TO-DAY

(By Tony Slade)

OLD Tom Speed, the beach-comber, is doing fine. He imagined that the war, plus mined coasts, plus restricted areas, would put an end to the livelihood he had picked up from the sands.

Lost coins, rings, watches, handbags, and all the other treasure trove of the seaside beach used to mean a living to Tom and hundreds of other professional beach-combers.

Now the storms are washing up a new type of flotsam and jetsam. Thousands of tins of sausages washed up on an East Coast beach were examined on the spot by Food Ministry officials and released for salvage sale.

Oil drums, timber, bales of cotton and crates of ointment have been among other sea-shore hauls handed over to the Receiver of Wrecks, and beach-combers receive a proportion of the value of their finds.

One of the sand kings recently came across a complete Ford car in good condition, and a grand piano, a complete suite of furniture, and a "drift" of 8,000 onions have been among other war-time hauls.

Pity the Cromer lifeboatman who found the beach littered like snow with thousands of Chinese "two-yuan" notes.

Worth about 3d. apiece in normal circulation, a swift calculation made him feel that he had stumbled on a fortune.

Unfortunately, the notes had to bear certain seals and signatures before they could go into circulation, and were worth only a nominal sum as printed matter.

A carefully packed shipment of rare old English and Irish glass was considered lost at sea, when, months later, it drifted ashore on a beach.

The buoyant packing had kept it afloat; and the beach-comber who reported the find did better than the man who must have been first on the scene. He stole two glass candelabra which were worthless except in a special market.

Beachcombers get a reward, too, on reporting the find of a mine. Not long ago a whale-

or part of one!—drifted ashore after obviously having had a dispute with a mine.

It was still in what beach-combers know as good condition, however, and the finder made a handsome profit after the whale had been sent to a factory for rendering down into fats.

It's a bad day, beachcombers say, that doesn't bring a find. Failing anything spectacular—like the 1,200 golf balls washed ashore near a famous course—there will usually be scraps of rigging, hatch-covers and drift-wood for sale as fuel.

The beachcomber may seem an odd and lonely figure as he trudges his watchful rounds. But he knows what's what!

IS Newcombe's
Short odd—but true

There are birds of the swift family in Madagascar, Ceylon and other places, who build edible nests in sunless caves. They are formed of a jelly-like mucus secreted from a salivary gland. The Chinese use them for making soups, and they cost about £7 or £8 a pound, there being some fifty nests to the pound. Only the first nests are edible. When these have been taken away the birds build commoner nests, composed mostly of grasses.

Hymenoptera is the order of bees, wasps and ants. The three are similar in habits. Ants are neuters as well as males and females, but only the males and females have wings. The neuters do the work and defend the community; slave ants are sometimes captured from other species and set to work with the

GETTING along with all men—rubbing shoulders comfortably with everyone: that is an essential to a full and happy life.

Personality and power have cast-iron recipes. We all want to have some influence on others; but there's a right way and a wrong.

Have you ever considered, for instance, how futile it is to indulge in stinging criticism when you're handling someone else—and yet how easily you can often influence a man merely by asking him a favour?

King George V once met an American Ambassador notorious for his anti-monarchical views. And the King won the Republican over merely by asking him a small personal favour: would he procure a really good painting of the U.S. President?

Benjamin Franklin in the same way won over an opponent by the simple plan of seeking to borrow a book from his library. In both these cases the other man was subtly flattered. King George V, like Benjamin Franklin, played upon the deepest urge in human nature—the "desire to be important."

It was the desire that forced Dickens to write his books, the urge that made Abraham Lincoln study law when he was a poverty-stricken grocer's boy. If it can provide the motive-power of such great battles of human endeavour, imagine for yourself the results to be gained by letting other people feel important.

Supposing you asked a man to help you fill in a football coupon? He would enjoy granting the favour, since it would cost him nothing; and it preens his sense of importance to feel that you rely on his judgment.

Thus, by asking favours, it is more easy to influence people than by granting favours. You may help another man a great deal, but you will lose his friendship in the end if he continually feels inferior. Give him a chance to help you, and he restores the balance by feeling superior and important.

As Molière once observed, a sense of gratitude is livelier in the man who gives a benefit than in the man who receives it.

This seems a contradiction. Yet if you analyse your feelings towards other people, you will always find that you feel more fondly towards those on whom you have conferred a benefit. Your feelings are comparatively cold towards

neuters. After mating, the male ant dies and the female sheds her wings and is made queen of a new community.

The last English noble, or angel, a gold coin varying in value from 7s. to 10s., was minted by Charles I. The coin bore a representation of the Archangel Michael in conflict with a dragon.

So weak are the opening muscles of a crocodile's jaws that they can easily be held closed with one hand.

A boat on Lake Titicaca, in the Bolivian Andes, actually sails above the clouds, for the lake is 12,500 feet above sea-level.

The Rubicon is a small Italian river emptying into the Adriatic, which at one time divided two States, and the crossing of which amounted to an act of war.

Concluding "Practical Psychology" 4 JUNE 1944

RUBBING SHOULDERS WITH ALL MEN

Dr. William Laing asks "Have these Hints on how to live a full Life been helpful?" Send your Answer to "Good Morning"

those who have put you under an obligation.

This may seem to illuminate a dark streak in human nature, but human beings are not nourished on logic alone. They are creatures of emotion, bristling with pride and vanity and prejudices.

Catering to other people, making others feel important, is therefore one of the secrets of success in handling other people.

You'll find, if you look back on your recent interviews with comparative strangers, that in the most successful ones the other person has always shown tact and sympathy.

In other words, he has come out to meet you more than halfway. Make a note now that meeting others more than halfway is a real Success Secret.

And, as Dale Carnegie says, "To-morrow you will want to persuade somebody to do something. Before you speak, remember there is only one way to get anybody to do anything, and that is by making them WANT to do it."

That's tantamount to meeting others more than halfway mentally. Thus, when Lord Northcliffe objected to a newspaper using an old photograph of him, he wrote a magic letter. Instead of saying:

"Please don't use that old picture, I don't like it," he appealed to the respect all of us have for motherhood.

"Please do not publish that picture of me any more," he wrote. "My mother doesn't like it."

Such finesse can perhaps come only with experience, but I have known young men to influence elder men by an equally simple technique.

In the art world, a young illustrator was asked to complete some pictures in a hurry. It was a rush job, and perhaps the pictures therefore had to be scamped, but when they were delivered he met with a storm of criticism.

"Why have you done this

fellow more than halfway. It avoids argument and eliminates the acute angle.

Putting yourself in the wrong and admitting to a fault, WHEN YOU CAN SINCERELY DO SO, is one of the ways of making the other fellow feel right. It caters to his desire for importance.

Not that I'm suggesting boot-licking and fulsome flattery. The touchstone is sincerity.

It isn't insincere to seek favours when necessary. It isn't boot-licking when you avoid argument or conflict.

Old Ben Franklin once made it a rule "to avoid all direct contradiction." Instead, he would say, "I think a thing to be so," or, "IT APPEARS TO ME TO BE THUS AND THUS AT PRESENT." He was a wise old bird!



Robert's waiting to go fishing, A.B. James Topping

WAITING to go fishing Robert was your father's idea. With you in the canal, A.B. James Topping, is your little pal Robert Ashcroft.

Your father told us all about him when we called at your home in Gordon Street, Higher Ince, Wigan.

During our visit a letter arrived from your brother Henry out in Italy. He seemed to be quite well.

By the way, your father showed us the certificate you got for painting and decorating. Nice work, James.

In front of the certificate are photographs of you and Henry, and a little Union Jack hangs above. It's your parents' way of expressing pride in what you lads are doing.

We visited your home four days before your twentieth birthday, so here's our belated good wishes. Sorry we could not meet your mother, but she was away at the munitions factory. By the way, the picture of

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

SMUGGLER'S SECRET

WRITING came harder than usual that morning. Martin's mind would not concentrate upon the chapter he was striving to hammer into shape. Again and again he stopped, gazing dreamily out of the window. Parker's Hoard obsessed him.

The four coins lay on his table in a little heap. Martin's eyes went back to them again. Nickel, cunning old fox, did he know anything? Nosing about all over the neighbourhood, he would be the most likely person to stumble upon old tales or old records. And those coins were recently in the sea. . . .

Martin fought hard with himself that day; it was not until late that night, when Madge had gone to bed, that he surrendered and gave himself up to a search of his Cornish library, to see if there were any authority for the local treasure tradition.

The search was not very profitable. The oldest books had nothing to tell. A topical guide, of the eighteen sixties, told in heavily humorous phraseology of a romantic tradition to which the wise visitor would not lend too eager an ear, referred to a story of a wrecked treasure ship, and stated that occasionally, after heavy gales, old coins were said to have been picked up on the beach between Whale Head, at the mouth of Porthwick harbour, and Ruthdinas Point, at the entrance to Polruth Creek.

It was not until he fell to studying Paine's *History of Porthwick* that he came upon anything definite. And there, in a footnote, were a few words that sent his heart beating fast.

Garrulous old Paine, a one-time lawyer at Porthwick, spoke of the prehistoric earthworks on Ruthdinas Point. His footnote read: "Sometimes called vulgarly 'Par-

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

PART 2

ker's Point,' after an eccentric character once resident in the district."

"Parker's Point!" So there had been a Parker. Martin jumped to his feet, all excitement. Then there was something in it after all! He felt a sudden, irresistible desire to go and look upon Ruthdinas, which the vulgar, in 1794, had termed Parker's Point.

He flung back the heavy curtains, and threw wide open the window. Already, he noticed with surprise, dawn was breaking.

The harbour lay mysterious and very still in the early light. The lamps of the anchored shipping flickered, and a faint breeze brought a tang of salt to the tobacco-smoking room.

Just below the window, Sally, his little sailing dinghy, lifted and fell gently on the swell that still persisted from the storm of two days ago. That decided him. A few minutes later he was aboard Sally, hoisting her lug-sail, bound for Parker's Point.

RUTHDINAS Point loomed vaguely ahead, an up-standing grass-grown headland, that seemed to have tumbled its end into the water in some long-past age. Running out from the point, its cruel reef showed plainly like the fangs of some sleeping, subterranean monster.

Martin coaxed Sally along almost to the reef, then turned her nose inshore and landed in a little sandy cove under the eastern face of the point.

It was dead low water. The dinghy would be all right there for an hour or two, he knew. He scrambled up the slippery grass slope to the top of the cliff. It was extraordinarily silent there; even the gulls and the cormorants had not yet begun their screaming chorus.

Below him, on the far side of the headland, was Polruth Creek, its still, sluggish waters barely lapping the sand-fringed shore. Behind him, in the hollow, smoke was already rising heavily from the cluster of white cottages that made up Polruth village, and beyond, just to the right of the tall chimney of the "Coswarth Arms," the roof of Coswarth Place, the fine old Elizabethan house of Sir Rex Coswarth, showed in a clump of half-bare trees.

"Parker's Point!" Perhaps the old stories were true; perhaps Parker's ship had been wrecked on that savage reef that stood out a couple of hundred feet beneath him. The plaintive wail of a ship's siren out at sea came through the mist; it accentuated the silence. Parker's Hoard: doubloons and pieces of eight, and jewels, perhaps! Was it to be found?

A sudden dampness filled the air; the fog was drifting in from the sea, blurring the reef and blanketing the far side of the creek. Instinctively Martin pulled his coat about him, and, at the moment, an odd sound broke the intense silence: the rattling tinkle of falling stones, and a noise of scuffling. Sharply his head swung round.

The sounds continued, and, in a moment, a dim figure appeared over the edge of the cliff on the creek side. Through the now thickening mist he could not make out at first anything more than a human form. Then he saw it to be a woman. She hesitated for a moment, then, bending low, she began to move swiftly and stealthily to the cover of the high banks of the ancient earthworks, glancing backwards after every few steps.

The woman was making straight for Martin, and had come within fifty yards of him before he recognised her. He called out in astonishment:

"Anstee! Anstee! What's the matter! Are you frightened?" She stopped dead and looked up at him, her eyes wide open in alarm.

"Oh, Mr.—Mr. Lynn," she

stammered, "was it you?" Her voice was embarrassed and apprehensive.

"What do you mean 'Was it me?'"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. I meant—I meant—how funny to see you here at this time. So early. Why are you here?"

He looked at her curiously. Her short tweed skirt was torn where a bramble had caught it, her close-cut brown hair ruffled, and her hat slightly askew. Her shoes were soaked with salt water; wet sand clung to her stockings and the arms of her knitted jumper.

Martin was worried. There was something behind this. He spoke gravely.

"What have you been up to?" he asked.

"Nothing. Nothing."

"Don't be a little fool, Anstee, Why are you frightened?" "I'm not frightened, Mr. Lynn; I'm panting, that's all—I—I climbed up the cliff."

"So I saw," he said dryly. "Why?"

"Oh, just—just for devilment. I got a bit scared coming up."

"You're not telling me the truth," he said sharply.

"Indeed I am," she retorted, though without resentment.

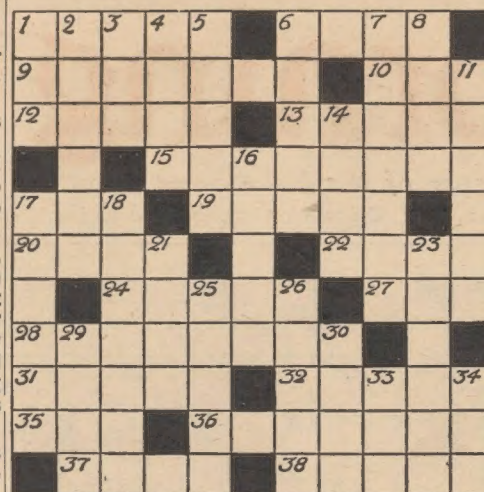
"Let's see where you climbed," he said, starting to move forward.

"Oh don't—please don't," she urged with sudden intensity.

"Let's sit down for a minute. Tell me why you are here at this time. Do you often come here?" She was striving to appear natural, but her smile was forced.

The fog was thickening every

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Centre.
- 6 Lath.
- 9 Reckoning.
- 10 Seed vessel.
- 12 Pick up.
- 13 Abundant.
- 15 Guides astray.
- 17 Piece.
- 19 Gladden.
- 20 Wake-robin.
- 22 Casks.
- 24 Angered.
- 27 Permit.
- 28 Thrusts forward.
- 31 Deals sparingly.
- 32 Devonshire river.
- 35 Signify.
- 36 Vibrating.
- 37 Catch sight of.
- 38 Prompt.

CASH BUSMAN
AROUSE LOVE
RING ABIDES
PANELS GENT
E E UTAH U
TUTOR STEEL
N PERK X O
RASP ESCHER
ABHORS RAKE
PLUS TOILER
TENETS BEDS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Harridan.
- 2 Rich cake.
- 3 Tennis service.
- 4 Ramble.
- 5 Garment.
- 6 Mouldy.
- 7 Dress.
- 8 Informed.
- 11 Stop.
- 14 Submissive.
- 16 Paring.
- 17 Indian State.
- 18 Marine reptiles.
- 21 Mud.
- 23 Boy's name.
- 25 Vigorous.
- 26 Make abstain.
- 29 Calibre.
- 30 Identical.
- 33 Old bird.
- 34 Boy's name.

moment, but he paid no heed to her request.

"Don't—please don't," she pleaded again. "It's dangerous; you might fall down." But he was already a dozen paces from her.

She came scurrying after him.

"Sit down," she said wildly. "I'll tell you the truth. It was a man—he frightened me—"

"How? Did he do anything to you?"

Anstee had never seen this curt, grim side of Martin Lynn. It amazed her.

"No. But I didn't want him to see me," she answered. "It was silly of me—but—but—oh, I

was walking on the beach and it was so early—I often do it, you know—and—somehow—"

"Hush!" he broke in sharply. A man's cough sounded through the mist, and there was something vaguely familiar about it. Martin started forward.

"We'll see who it is, anyhow," he said in a low voice.

But she put her hands upon his arm and pulled him down.

"No, no, no!" she whispered fiercely. "Keep quiet—let him go. Please, Mr. Lynn. I ask you—"

He hesitated. Anstee was growing hysterical.

A man's figure, queerly distorted by the fog, showed just for a moment through a gap in the bank. Anstee held on to Martin's arm frantically. He tried to shake off her grip, but a nervous sob came from her lips.

"My dear child—" he began, turning to her uncertainly.

Hysterical tears were filling her eyes, and she fumbled feverishly for a handkerchief in the pocket of her skirt. She drew it out with a jerk, and with it there tumbled upon the soft turf at her feet a handful of golden doubloons and silver pieces of eight.

Martin's sentence remained unfinished. He gazed at the scattered coins with unbelieving eyes.

"What have you got there?" he rapped out.

Anstee had conquered her tears. She looked up at him, a stubborn defensive expression on her face.

"Old coins—like those you have," she replied in an uncertain voice.

(To be continued)



BLOWING HIS TRUMPET.
This man certainly is making a noise in the world. He is a skilled instrument maker, and he is engaged in drawing a tube for a trumpet. Hanging on a line above him is a collection of the biggest blows in the world—all of them trumpets that will blow from any part of the musical scale. Think of the responsibility of such a worker, adding so much noise to things!

JANE



QUIZ for today

1. A vina is a grape grower, musical instrument, legal term, Spanish holiday, monk?
2. Who wrote (a) Major Barbara, (b) Captain Patch?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Rubato, Crescendo, Sonata, Symphony, Allegro, Mantilla, Rallentando.
4. Maoris are natives of Peru, New Zealand, India, Mexico?
5. What is the maximum circumference of a cricket ball?
6. What play was advertised as being "enough to make a cat laugh"?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Rhubarb, Rubicund, Rudiment, Ruminant, Ructions.
8. What articles does a fletcher make?
9. Where is the Wailing Wall?
10. What six coins amount to 7s. 2d.?
11. What famous British author had the swastika stamped on the covers of all his books?
12. Name three British birds beginning with Ch.

Answers to Quiz in No. 361

1. Fly.
2. (a) Philip Gibbs, (b) Mark Twain.
3. Old Maid is a card game; others are not.
4. A bee's sting is barbed and is left in the wound; a wasp's sting is smooth and is withdrawn.
5. Journalism.
6. Downwards.
7. Wallaby, Wapiti.
8. Spain.
9. Half-crown.
10. Caligula.
11. A shilling, a sixpence, a threepenny piece and a penny.
12. Redpoll, Redshank, Redstart, etc.

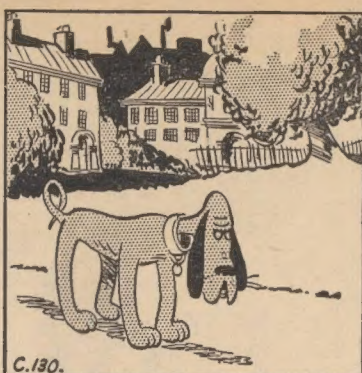
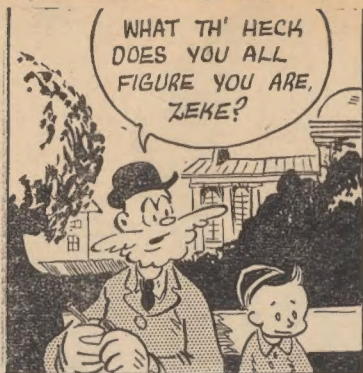
WANGLING WORDS—308

1. Put four in DERS and make it many.
2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Arts newkilt teltil welt km.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change TOLD into SAID and then back again into TOLD, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden town in: The cyclist was once called a cad on casters. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 307

1. Shiver.
2. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.
3. COW, cog, bog, big, PIG, pit, pat, paw, caw, COW.
4. Hal-if-ax.

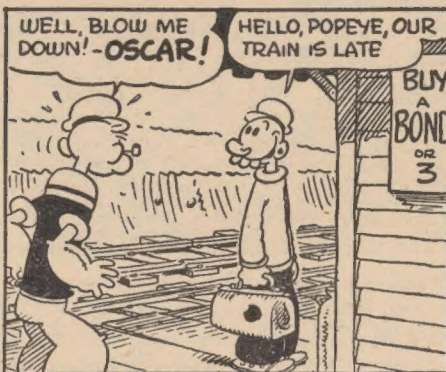
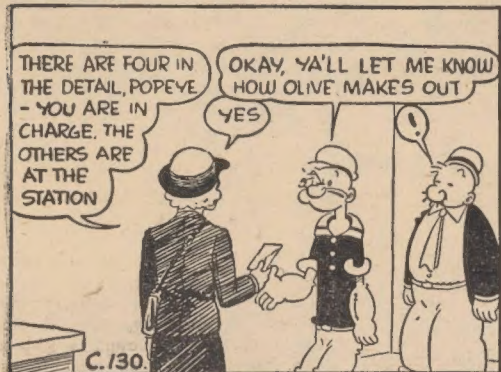
BEELZEBUB JONES



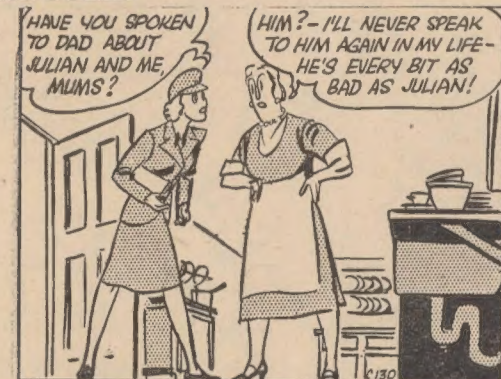
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

ACTRESS Wendy Hiller went to an all-women Brains Trust at Caxton Hall, Westminster, to answer questions about marriage and careers and domestic service.

And she told the gathering that she had just come from washing the luncheon dishes and scrubbing the scullery floor.

Somebody asked the Trust: "Can women combine marriage and a family with a career?"

Said Wendy: "I can manage the two only because I am successful enough in a career to be able to pay people to run my home. I feel very much for mothers who want to work and cannot afford to have their families properly looked after."

Said Miss Harriet Cohen, the pianist: "I am not married and I just have a career." In her case marriage would be unfair to her husband, who would never know when she would be available. "If I do marry," she continued, "I think I should definitely give up my career." (Cries of "Shame!")

Said Mrs. Tamara Rust, Communist Party organiser:

"I was brought up under a system where women could combine three lives. Definitely they can be women, wives and citizens—given decent social conditions."

Somebody had the temerity to ask, "What good has votes for women done?" The questioner was told!

THERE are at least nine hundred and one contented workers in Essex, I'm told. The odd man being Managing Director Z. Deshaw, who had the idea way back that happy workers meant higher production. Strikes are things newspapers write about, and absenteeism is a schoolboy prank in their minds.



In the canteen that gets pork from the factory's flourishing piggery, Stephan Nagy, pre-war Fleet Street journalist, now storekeeper number three, listed the benefits beside the pay packets: Services of a Harley Street specialist as consultant; dental treatment in a lavishly furnished dental department; sun-ray treatment; shower baths; sports accessories in a spacious gymnasium; boots and shoes mended; legal advice, and, if necessary, legal action; and a canteen where a dinner of meat, two vegetables and sweets can be had for 7½d.

Lastly, all married employees in the Forces receive from the management half their normal salary, and unmarried ones get ten per cent.

Seems to me like they treat humans like humans.



THE Belgian underground paper "L'Alouette" publishes this

story: Young Bébert has just received an "invitation" to report to a recruiting office. This means that he is to be sent to Germany for forced labour. A family meeting is held to find out what could be done about it.

At this moment Uncle Ernest from Antwerp turns up. He is a keeper at the Zoo, the only "official" in the family. He suggests a solution of the problem: "If my nephew wants to go into hiding, nothing is simpler. He can come with me; my orang-outang has just died. Bébert can put on its skin, and as he is clever and agile, nobody will notice any difference."

A fortnight later Bébert's mother goes to visit her son at the Zoo. After the first effusions of meeting are over, the bogus orang-outang starts to show off.

Jumping on to his trapeze, he swings higher and higher. In the end he loses his balance and falls into the lion cage next door. The poor mother shrieks with horror, until one of the lions approaches the bars of his cage, and, lifting his muzzle, hisses into her ear. "For God's sake be quiet, madam. Do you want to give away the whole lot of us?"

Ron Richards

Good
Morning



This England

Where the placid river flows past an old farmstead near Winchester in the cool of the evening.



Paramount's starlet, Ella Raines, does a bit of odd cogitating, or something.



"You keep young, kid, and then they won't put chains like this round your neck. I'm a dangerous dawg, I am."



"Get cracking and keep those chins tucked in. We gotta get tough on this Commando course."



"Quit that rearguard action Pete, I think I've found something."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And don't fall on me."

